Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Hee'l ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces hee'l ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall drive courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they doe reſiſt,
And ſubjects puniſht, that never thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to us peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They doe abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes up ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke gives heart and ſtronger glowing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior ſooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre upon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Haven,
And then returne to us: *Hellicanus* thou haſt
Moov'd us: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets looke up to heaven,
From whence they have their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I have power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I have ground the axe my ſelfe,
Doe you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heaven forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Councellor, and ſervant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſervant,
What wouldſt thou have me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes,
As you your ſelfe doe lay upon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſitian, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a potion unto me,
That thou would'ſt tremble to receive thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knoweſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propagate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to Subjects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found the ſinfull father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmoothe: But thou knoweſt this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe,
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled
Vnder the hovering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceede;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter than the yeare:
And ſhould he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening ayre,
How many worthy Princes blould were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this land with armes,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.19) Octavo